ORIGINAL.

ON COMMERCE.

(Concluded from page 63.)

IF no evil can result from an outward commerce, much arises from what we receive in return—that is partly true; but the remedy is at hand. We will examine if sumptuary laws, forbidding the import or wearing such articles, are just. Every man has a right to dispose of his own, in whatever manner he pleases, that is not offending to society. The wealth which we acquire through industry, serves generally to procure us the eases, the comforts and the luxuries of life; this is the natural progress of things, and if the law or the public opinion restrains it from running into one channel, it will force itself into another: it is thus that the rich Dutch merchant wears mean cloaths, and shews his magnificence very foolishly in burning for fuel the worth of 3000 or 4000 dollars of cinnamon.

The sober Quaker, who, by the nature of his institution, wears neither lace, or embroidery, replaces it, when he has the means, by the finest linen ard the best cloth—he acquires his wealth by the import of those luxuries which he denies to himself—but he does not import slaves!—for he considers luxury at worst as the folly of the time, whilst he looks upon slavery as its shame and crime.

The remedy which alone can succeed in correcting the bad effects of commerce, is a strict attention to a better system of education. It would require more

than the boundaries of this paper, to prove how a good education of the individuals is beneficent to ſociety—for inſtance, it is not neceſſary that Miſs at thirteen, begins the pernicious uſe of green tea and ſtrong coffee, which weaken her ſtomach, nerves, and of courſe her head. It is ridiculous that ſhe ſhould ſay (for think it ſhe cannot) ſhe would die without them! but education and example have taught her no better; ſhe thinks herſelf already a woman, and is in fact nothing but a young girl grafted upon a child.

Boys are brought up ſtill worſe—and far from looking up to their parents for direction, they preſume to direct them, and are obeyed at an age that ought to be all ſubmiſſion.

But although I approve of commerce, and think that a nation at once flouriſhing and civilized, cannot ſubſiſt without it, I am far from approving the mercantile ſpirit of every individual, too unhappily ſpread in this country, and as deſtructive of honor and of every other tie of ſociety, as commerce is beneficial to them. A picture of the real merchant, or rather *negociant*, oppoſed to that of the *swapper* or low trader, would form a perfect contraſt which may be put under the eyes of the public in another eſſay.

We cannot as yet ſuffice to ourſelves. This truth once well aſcertained, nobody will repine at ſeeing the produce of other countries exchanged for ours. The nature of things, that immutable law againſt which all others are ineffectual, is oppoſed to our manufactures, for theſe are only fit for nations that have an *overplus* of men who are glad to ſell their labor at the loweſt rate: but as long as America ſhall have waſte lands and no beggars, our manufactures ſhall prove both ruinous and ruined—and the produce of foreign ones cheaper than that of ours. Commerce flouriſhes only in peace, the experience of other nations proves it, as well as that of America itſelf—if war was its neceſſary companion, it would have been deſtroyed by the natural love of peace which at laſt prevails in men. War enriches only a few traders, who for that reaſon, and re-

gardleſs of the happineſs of mankind, breathe nothing but war, whilſt their country may be impoveriſhed and ſunk forever by that meaſure.

My aim was to prove that commerce was not only neceſſary, but beneficial; and that America in particular, muſt look upon it as the means of becoming happy as well as uſeful to the reſt of the univerſe.

SELECTIONS.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

(Concluded from page 70.)

AS an orator, Mr. Fox is aſſuredly the firſt man of his age. He ſimplifies the moſt abſtruſe details, he analyſes the moſt complex arguments, and reduces the moſt ſubtle poſitions to the teſt of firſt principles.—Animated himſelf, he animates others. Unambitious of melodious words and ſtudied phraſes, that dwell only on the ear, the correctneſs of his reaſoning aſſails the judgment, while the irreſiſtable thunders of his eloquence at once influence and captivate the ſenſes.—Struggling continually againſt the ſtream of power, he yet appears inferior to no man, and he wants only to ſtand on the "vantage ground" of ſucceſs, to be viewed as the greateſt man of his time.

As an author, he has produced ſeveral ſpecimens of poetical compoſition, which with a due culture might have attained excellence. His verſes to Mrs. Crewe, beginning with the following lines, have often been praiſed.

"Where the loveliеſt expreſſion to features is join'd,
"By nature's moſt delicate pencil deſign'd;
"Where bluſhes unbidden, and ſmiles without art,
"Speak the ſoftneſs and feeling that dwell in the heart."

His invocation "to poverty" muſt, however, be allowed to be ſuperior, and it contains a national reflection that may offend ſome; it ought, however, to be recollected, that the Engliſh, *at that period*, were much diſguſted with the temporiſing conduct of their northern neighbours.

"O poverty! of pale conſumptive hue,
"If thou delight'ſt to haunt me ſtill in view,
"If ſtill thy preſence muſt my ſteps attend,
"At leaſt continue, as thou art, my friend.
"When *Scotch example bids me be unjust*,
"Falſe to my word, unfaithful to my truſt,
"Bid me the baneful error quickly ſee,
"And ſhun the world to find repoſe with thee.

"When vice to wealth would turn my partial eye,
"Or int'reſt ſhutting ear to ſorrow's cry;
"Or courtiers' cuſtom would my reaſon bend,
"My foe to flatter, or deſert my friend;
"Oppoſe, kind poverty, thy temper'd ſhield,
"And bear me off unvanquiſh'd from the field.

"If giddy fortune e'er return again,
"With all her idle, reſtleſs, wanton train,
"Her magic glaſs ſhould falſe Ambition hold,
"Or Av'rice bid me put my truſt in gold;
"To my relief, then, virtuous goddeſs haſte,
"And with thee bring thy daughters ever chaſte,
"Health! Liberty! and Wiſdom! ſiſters bright,
"Whoſe charms can make the worſt condition light,
"Beneath the hardeſt fate the mind can cheer,
"Can heal affliction and diſarm deſpair;
"In chains, in torments, pleaſure can bequeath,
"And dreſs in ſmiles the tyrant hour of death!"

His letter* "To the worthy and independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Weſtminſter," is his only avowed proſe publication, and this has experienced a nearly unexampled ſale, having run through twelve

* Publiſhed in 1793.

or thirteen large editions. On this occaſion, he makes a manly appeal to his conſtituents, and in a clear and perſpicuous ſtyle deprecates the idea of foreign alliances, and inſiſts on the neceſſity of acknowledging the French republic as an independent ſtate. While alluding to the ridiculous project of ſubjugating that power, by external force, he expreſſes himſelf thus—

"The conqueſt of France!!! O! calumniated cru-
"ſaders, how rational and moderate were your pro-
"jects! O! much injured Louis XIV, upon what
"ſlight grounds have you been accuſed of reſtleſs and
"inordinate ambition! O! tame and feeble Cervantes,
"with what a timid pencil and faint colours have you
"painted the portrait of a diſordered imagination!"

Of the *private* life of this great orator, the public may be anxious to have a few authentic particulars.—Mr. Fox no longer reſides any part of the year in town, having diſpoſed of his houſe in South-ſtreet; when he viſits London, which is but ſeldom, he ſtays ſometimes at the houſe of his old friend General Fitzpatrick, and ſometimes at a hotel in the neighbourhood of New Bond-ſtreet. Except during the ſhooting ſeaſon, when he viſits Mr. Coke, &c. in Norfolk, he lives chiefly at St. Ann's-hill, near Chertſey. There he ſuperintends the cultivation of his grounds, enjoys the pleaſures of horticulture, and amuſes himſelf in forming his ſhrubberies. To "the roſe," the theme of the Perſian poets, he ſeems particularly attached; for he has a parterre near his houſe, in which there are no leſs than thirty different ſpecies. He alſo poſſeſſes a great taſte for botany; and has been at infinite pains to render himſelf maſter of the Linnæan ſyſtem.

In general, he riſes about ſeven o'clock, mounts his horſe inſtantly, rides to the river, and plunges into the Thames. He then returns to breakfaſt, which is over before ten. The forenoon is, for the moſt part, dedicated to his books; and is accordingly ſpent in his ſtudy. Before dinner, he takes a walk or ride, around the neighbouring village, ſits down to table a little after three o'clock, and lives well, and like a gentleman,

without any appearance, however, of luxury or oſtentation. After indulging in a few glaſſes of port or ſherry, he retires with his gueſts about ſix, to the tea room, which preſents a moſt delightful proſpect in the ſummer ſeaſon; and after a couple of diſhes of coffee, a glaſs of *liqueur de Martinique* is handed round to the company.

The evenings are generally dedicated to domeſtic entertainments. Sometimes he reads, and then generally aloud; at other times he plays at ſome manly game on the lawn, or liſtens to the muſic of a favourite lady while fingering the *piano-forte*, or the pedal harpe.—The evening is not unfrequently ſpent at the HOLLAND, a charming octagon building, dedicated to his nephew, Henry, Lord Holland, and inſcribed to him. From this building is to be ſeen a moſt luxuriant view of the ſurrounding country; but the eye is unwilling to roam abroad, as it is ornamented with beautiful paintings by the hand of Mrs. Armſtead.

While the hirelings of miniſtry are repreſenting him as plotting againſt the ſtate, he is, moſt probably, peruſing Homer in the original language; and the immortal bard, or the "conſpirator," is perhaps dandling a child in his arms, or, peradventure, if it be in the ſummer ſeaſon, playing at trap-ball on the graſs!

In perſon, Mr. Fox is ſomewhat above the middle ſize, and, of late years, is rather inclined to be fat.—His features, which are ſtrongly marked, exhibit an appearance of ſhrewdneſs and ability; and his eyes, in the midſt of debate, or the animation of converſe, flaſhes with fire.

No portrait has been oftener painted, and he muſt be a very inaccurate artiſt indeed, who cannot hit off the ſaturnine complexion, the piercing look, and the arch and buſhy eye-brow of the great commoner. The chiſſel, as well as the pencil, has been employed in giving durability to his reſemblance, for a great number of buſts have been executed, of late years, in marble, by Nollekens; and one in *terra cotta* has ſtill more recently been finiſhed by Merchant, as a model for a gem.

HISTORY OF MARIA ARNOLD.

(Continued from page 75.)

ABOUT a twelvemonth after your honor left us, 'Squire Stafford's lady of H—t—n hall died, and the young Miſs being melancholy for want of company, Miſs Maria went to ſtay there ſome time: they were faſt friends, your honor, and very fond of each other. Now, Mr. Henry, the young 'Squire, who came from college on his mother's death, and who to ſay the truth, is the handſomeſt and beſt natured gentleman I ever ſet my eyes on, what ſhould he do, your honor, but fall in love with Miſs Maria, and wanted to marry her: but the old gentleman, who, I hear, never had a good word in the country, and who, God forgive me! I believe is no better than he ſhould be, fell into a violent paſſion, and ſtamped and raved like a madman, and made Mr. Henry promiſe not to think any more about it. So all remained quiet for a while. But Miſs Maria was not forgot, your honor; whilſt ſhe was upon a ſecond viſit at the 'Squire's about four months ago, Mr. Henry tried to carry her off; but the ſervants were too nimble for them, and they were brought back again, and then your honor, there were ſad doings indeed! Miſs Maria fell into fits; and Mr. Henry, after having had a terrible quarrel with his father, was ſent to Dover the next morning, in order to embark for France. A very ſhort time your honor, after Mr. Henry had been gone, poor Miſs Maria was diſcovered to be with child, and the 'Squire, in ſpite of all the tears and entreaties of his daughter, actually turned Miſs Maria out of doors; nor would he let her have the chaiſe, but locking up Miſs Stafford, obliged her to walk home by herſelf, and your honor knows it is ten long miles. All this your honor, was done in ſuch a hurry that nobody knew of it here: and one moonſhine evening, as we were dancing on the green before the parſonage houſe, for it was always our cuſtom, as your honor knows, a young woman very neatly dreſſed appeared at one end of the village; ſhe was faint & weary, & ſitting herſelf down be-

gan to cry. We all left off dancing, and went to ſee what was the matter: but alas your honor, who ſhould it be but poor Miſs Maria!—Oh I ſhall never forget it the longeſt day I have to live! her hands were claſped together, and her eyes were turned towards heaven: ſhe looked like an angel, your honor! we none of us could ſpeak to her, but we all wept; then ſhe gave a great ſigh and fell to the ground—But alack a day! whilſt we were endeavoring to bring Miſs Maria to life again, ſomebody told Mr. Arnold—he came running breathleſs and almoſt diſtracted to the place, and taking his daughter in his arms, he looked upon her in ſuch a manner, your honor, and then upon us, and then towards heaven, that it almoſt broke our hearts; for he could not ſpeak, your honor, his heart was ſo full, he could not ſpeak: but juſt at this moment Miſs Maria opened her eyes, and ſeeing her father, ſhe ſhrieked, and fell into ſtrong fits. He ſtarted, and ſnatching her haſtily up, ran towards the parſonage, and here your honor, the fits continuing, ſhe miſcarried. —As for poor Mr. Arnold, he was quite overcome, and he wept, and took on ſo ſorely, that we thought he would never have got the better of it.—"Oh my Maria," he ſaid, "you have killed your poor father, you have bowed him with ſorrow to the grave," and then knelt down by the bedſide. "Forſake me not, my God," he cried, "in my old age, when I am grey headed; forſake me not when my ſtrength faileth me." He then got up to comfort Miſs Maria, but ſhe would not be comforted, your honor, and kept crying, her dear father would not forgive her; but he ſaid he would, and kiſſed her, and then ſhe wept a great deal, and was quiet. All the village, by this time, had got round the parſonage, and there was not a ſingle ſoul, your honor, but what was in tears. We all put up our prayers for her; but they would not do, ſhe never got the better of it, your honor, ſhe every day grew worſe, and would ſometimes call upon Mr. Henry, and complain of the cruelty of his father, and then ſhe would fall down upon her knees and aſk forgiveneſs of poor Mr. Arnold, who

was almoſt diſtracted at the ſight: but it is all over, your honor, ſhe is now happy, and may heaven reward her as ſhe deſerves."

What my ſenſations were, ſir, during this recital, I muſt leave you to judge, I can only ſay that I felt myſelf ſo overpowered by the ſudden and ſhocking piece of information, that void of ſtrength, I ſunk into a chair, faint and unable to expreſs the agony of my mind. The rapturous ideas of Happineſs with which I had heated my imagination, were now no more: in their place, the image of my worthy Arnold ſtretched on the body of his Maria, of that Maria, whoſe innocence and ſimplicity were ſo dear to me. Oh, ſir, even now my ſoul ſhudders at the recollection of that dreadful moment. Accurſed be the wretch that brought thee low, thou gentleſt of the forms of virtue! May anguiſh torture his corrupted heart! Little wert thou able to contend with miſery ſuch as this, with the pang of diſappointed love, and the brutal violence of unfeeling paſſion, for thou wert mild as—Patience, "who,"

> Her meek hands folded on her modeſt breaſt,
> In mute ſubmiſſion lifts th' adoring eye
> Even to the ſtorm that wrecks her. *Mason.*

When the poignancy of grief had abated, I mingled my tears with the honeſt farmer's, whoſe ſenſibility of heart, the genuine effuſion of pity and affection had ſtrongly impreſſed me in his favor. I ſpent the night under his roof, and in the morning bidding him a melancholy farewell, I mounted my horſe and rode on to Ruyſd—le, with an intention of ſeeing my melancholy friend, and of being preſent at the awful ceremony: for in the ſtate of mind I was then in, it was a penſive luxury I would not have foregone on any conſideration.

(To be continued.)

O

[BONAPARTE is not the first master of France who has assumed the title of "*Consul.*" CLOVIS, the founder of the monarchy, did the same thing in the year 509 of the Christian æra, that is, very nearly thirteen hundred years ago. A short sketch of the life and atchievements of that ancient *Consul*, may, perhaps, not be unacceptable to the *Readers of the Medley.*]

AFTER the Roman Empire in the West fell in 476, a portion of Gaul still remained subject to a Roman of the name of Sijarius. This Roman was attacked and defeated, and taken prisoner by Clovis, who, after ordering his head to be cut off, reduced his territories to complete subjection in the year 487.

Clovis had been educated a Pagan, and continued in that persuasion till the age of thirty. He, nevertheless, permitted his subjects to enjoy entire liberty of conscience. Having married Clotilda, daughter of the Duke of Burgundy, who, being a zealous Christian, used every endeavour to convert him to her faith, tho' long without effect; till at length being in a perilous situation, in a day of battle he invoked the God of his wife Clotilda, and after the victory, became a convert to her religion. Although he did not amend his conduct towards his subjects after his conversion, Clovis made the new religion subservient to his ambitious views. Some of the neighbouring nations he united, by professing religion, and flattering the clergy; others he subjected by force, and by these means became master of the greatest portion of the country which now goes by the name of *France*. When his great point was once accomplished, he assembled a powerful army in order to attack the *Visigoths*, who possessed very considerable territories on both sides of the Pyrenean mountains. Before he set out on this scheme of conquest, he addressed his nobles assembled in the city of Paris, to the following purport:—"It is with concern," said the newly converted but religious Monarch, "that I "suffer the Arians to possess that fertile part of Gaul

" —Let us, with the aid of God, march againſt them, " and having conquered them, annex their dominions " to our own." Alaric, the King of the Viſigoths, a young and brave, but a raſh General, was ſlain by Clovis in perſon, in a great battle, when his troops were completely routed and diſperſed. Victory ſucceeded to victory till Theodoric, the King of the Oſtro Goths, who had overturned the dominion of Odoacer in Italy, marched againſt him with a great army, and defeated the French with the loſs of 30,000 ſoldiers.

In the year 509, Clovis aſſumed the title of "*Roman* "*Conſul*," by which means his influence increaſed in *Italy*, and *he was then ſupposed to be invested with a just title to all his conquests, in whatever manner they had been acquired.* The man, who bore the ſame honorable title with the former maſters of the world, appeared thereby to acquire a *right to conquer what he could, and to keep whatever he conquered!* He was ſolemnly inveſted with the new dignity in the Cathedral Church of St. Martins, in the City of Tours, clothed in the purple tunic and mantle, and decorated with the inſignia appropriated to his new ſituation.

The *Conſul* then proceeded to augment his power by the murder of the princes of the Merovingian race.—Sigibert King of Cologne, together with his ſon, were the firſt to fall; Caravic, another Prince, the extent and ſituation of whoſe dominions are not well known, Ranacaire who governed the *Diocese of Cambray*, and Renoman *King of Maine*, ſoon after ſhared a ſimilar fate: but his good fortune and indulgence to the Clergy expiated every iniquity.

Conſul Clovis died in the third year of his Conſulſhip, that is, in 511, after having made the *Salic Law*, by which females have ever ſince been reſtrained from ſitting on the throne of France. He was buried in the old Church of St. Genevieve, where his tomb is ſtill to be ſeen. After his death, his dominions were divided between his four ſons, and the Cities of *Paris*, *Soiſſons*, *Orleans* and *Metz*, became the capitals of four different kingdoms, which were afterwards united

into one, after much bloodſhed, in the year 560, nder Clotairt, who became ſole king of France, &c. &c.

ADVICE TO MARRIED LADIES.

AN EXTRACT.

—— HOW often do I hear you complain of the inconſtancy of your huſbands; the indifferent affection they appear to have for you; that they ſpend their evenings abroad at the tavern, or billiard table, or ſome other place equally diſhonorable.—Are you certain, in your own hearts, that you have given your huſband no reaſon for all this? Is your behaviour equally tender with that of your firſt and ſecond year's union? Does not your huſband diſcover ill-nature in your countenance and churliſhneſs in your conduct, when he comes home? Do you now diſcover the ſame pleaſure in being with your huſband as at firſt? Sorry am I to ſay, too many of our ſex give but too juſt cauſe for complaint. The married ſtate is what I am an utter ſtranger to; and ſuch an unſavory proof of it I can never hope to find. But as a day not far remote from this may uſher me into matrimonial bonds, I will, as far as in my power, point out a path, which if you follow, a man muſt be wholly loſt, not at laſt to return to the right road. Beware of diſcovering the leaſt ſymptoms of that green-eyed monſter, jealouſy—be always ready with a ſmile, to meet your huſband when he comes home, let it be ever ſo late at night; appear joyful at his return; never complain of his abſence, but rejoice at his preſence; convince him by ten thouſand aſſiduities that he is all the world to you. Too many ladies are apt to form a different method: and can it be poſſible that a man can come to his wife with pleaſure, to frowns & reproaches? No! Put the caſe to ourſelves: we ſhould not, had we thoſe advantages that men have. That is a point to be conſidered; for if home is diſpleaſ-

ing, the bottle is always ready to receive them. Should your huſband diſcover an inclination to take you out with him, by all means go; it will ſhow your deſire to pleaſe him; it will regain his wandering heart, which has only roved. I am almoſt aſſured, if you follow my advice, you will make your company and home ſo pleaſant, that if he has taken any improper ſtep, or even formed any improper connexions, he will fling it from him as a cloak which is troubleſome in hot weather.

ELIZA.

[The Editor of the Medley, will oblige a conſtant reader, by inſerting the following letter from the celebrated Dr. Franklin.]

Philadelphia, June 6, 1753.

Dear Sir,

I RECEIVED your kind letter of the 2d inſt. and am glad to hear that you increaſe in ſtrength—I hope you will continue mending until you recover your former health and firmneſs. Let me know whether you ſtill uſe the cold bath and what effect it has.

As to the kindneſs you mention, I wiſh it could have been of more ſervice to you, but if it had, the only thanks I ſhould deſire, are that you would be always ready to ſerve any other perſon that may need your aſſiſtance, and ſo let good offices go round, for mankind are all of a family. For my own part, when I am employed in ſerving others, I do not look upon myſelf as conferring favors, but as paying debts. In my travels and ſince my ſettlement I have received much kindneſs from men, to whom I ſhall never have an opportunity of making the leaſt direct return; and numberleſs mercies from God, who is infinitely above being benefitted by our ſervices. Theſe kindneſſes from men I can therefore only return on their fellow men; and I can only ſhew my gratitude to God by a readineſs to help his other

children, and my brethren, for I do not think that thanks and compliments, though repeated weekly, can diſcharge our real obligations to each other and much leſs to our Creator.

You will ſee in my notion of good works, that I am far from expecting to merit heaven by them. By heaven we underſtand a ſtate of happineſs, infinite in degree and eternal in duration: I can do nothing to deſerve ſuch reward. He that for giving a draught of water to a thirſty perſon would expect to be paid with a good plantation, would be modeſt in his demands compared with thoſe who think they deſerve heaven, for the little good they do on earth. Even the mixed imperfect pleaſures we enjoy in this world are rather from God's goodneſs than our merit; how much more ſo the happineſs of heaven. For my own part I have not the vanity to think I deſerve it; the folly to expect it, nor the ambition to deſire it; but content myſelf by ſubmitting to the diſpoſal of that God who made me, (who has hitherto preſerved and bleſſed me) and in whoſe fatherly goodneſs I may well confide, that he will never make me miſerable, and that the affliction I may at any time ſuffer may tend to my benefit.

The faith you mention, has doubtleſs its uſe in the world. I do not deſire to ſee it diminiſhed, nor would I deſire to leſſen it in any man; but I wiſh it were more productive of good works than I have generally ſeen it. I mean real good works, works of charity, mercy, and public ſpirit; not holiday keeping, ſermon hearing or reading, performing church ceremonies or long prayers filled with flatteries and compliments, deſpiſed even by wiſe men, and much leſs capable of pleaſing the deity.

The worſhip of God is a duty—the hearing and reading of ſermons may be uſeful, but if men reſt in hearing and praying, as too many do, it is as if the tree ſhould value itſelf on being watered and putting forth leaves though it never produced any fruit. Your good maſter thought much leſs of thoſe outward appearances than many of his modern diſciples. He preferred the

doers of the word to the hearers—the ſon that ſeemingly refuſed to obey his father, and yet performed his commands, to him that profeſſed his readineſs but neglected the work; the heretical but charitable Samaritan to the uncharitable but orthodox prieſt and ſanctified Levite. And thoſe who gave food to the hungry, drink to the thirſty, raiment to the naked, entertainment to the ſtranger, and relief to the ſick, &c. though they never heard of his name, he declares ſhall in the laſt day be accepted, when thoſe who cry Lord, Lord! who—value themſelves on their faith though great enough to perform miracles, but have neglected good works ſhall be rejected. He profeſſed that he came not to call the righteous, but ſinners to repentance, which implied in his modeſt opinion, that there were ſome in his time ſo good that they need not even hear him for improvement. But now a days we have ſcarcely a little parſon that does not think it the duty of every man within his reach to ſet under his petty miniſtration, and that whoever omits them offends God.—I wiſh to ſuch more humility, and to you health and firmneſs.

Being your friend and ſervant.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

ISABELLA QUEEN OF SPAIN.

WHILE the trump of fame is proclaiming over the earth the name and the merits of Chriſtopher Columbus, juſtice demands that the memory of Iſabella ſhould be honored with a ſhare in the laurels which he won. Whatever of wealth, ſcience, and of civil and religious liberty, has accrued to mankind from the diſcovery of America; whatever privileges the inhabitants of the United States enjoy above the reſt of the world; the credit and the honor are due, in no inconſiderable meaſure, to the aſtoniſhing generoſity and magnanimity of a *Woman*.

After Columbus had diſcloſed the project which his vaſt mind had conceived, every obſtacle that ignorance, envy and knavery could ſuggeſt, was placed in the way of its execution. The Senate of his native country, Genoa, to which he firſt applied, unable to comprehend his ſcheme, rejected it as chimerical. The king of Portugal, to whom he next addreſſed himſelf, practiſed upon him the moſt ſhameful fraud. Henry VII. king of England, to whoſe court he ſent his brother in queſt of patronage, was rich and poſſeſſed talents; but the ſordid parſimony of his heart tied up his hands from any enterprizes, which would be attended with pecuniary expence.

The court of Spain was his final reſort. Habitual covetouſneſs, a cold reſerve, and an exceſſive jealouſy of temper, marked the character of Ferdinand the Spaniſh Monarch. His ears were always open to the baſe inſinuations of the enemies of Columbus; who after eight years fruitleſs attendance and ſolicitation at that court; after ſuffering, during this long time, manifold diſappointments and repulſes, aggravated by the ridicule and ſcorn of the courtiers; had determined, in the anguiſh of his heart, to withdraw himſelf from the kingdom, as he had already done from the court of Spain. There was no prince—there was no *man* of ſufficient ſubſtance, who appeared to be diſpoſed to patronize that wonderful genius. But there was a *Woman*, who bound up his broken heart, and afforded effectual patronage to his mighty undertaking.

Iſabella, Ferdinand's Queen, recalled Columbus to court, eſpouſed his cauſe at the riſk of her own fortune, and even *pawned her jewels* to defray the expence of his hazardous voyage. During the infernal intrigues and virulent meaſures of his enemies, Iſabella remained his conſtant friend; nor was it till after her death, that Columbus was completely overwhelmed by the malice of his foes.—In loſing her, he loſt his great and only earthly ſupporter.

Wonderful woman! the pride of thy ſex and of human nature!—Sprigs of Caſſia ſhall ever bloom on thy

grave.—To thy memory ſhall be paid a never ending tribute of gratitude from the new world.

THE DEATH OF HENRY.

By the late Mary Wolstoncraft Godwin.

MARY found Henry very ill. The phyſician had ſome weeks before declared he never knew a perſon with a ſimilar pulſe recover. Henry was certain he could not live long; all the reſt he could obtain was procured by opiates. Mary now enjoyed the melancholy pleaſure of nurſing him, and ſoftened by her tenderneſs the pains ſhe could not remove. Every ſigh did ſhe ſtifle, every tear reſtrain, when he could ſee or hear them. She would boaſt of her reſignation—yet catch eagerly at the laſt ray of hope. While he ſlept ſhe would ſupport his pillow, and reſt her head where ſhe could feel his breath. She loved him better than herſelf—ſhe could not pray for his recovery—ſhe could only ſay, the will of Heaven be done.

While ſhe was in this ſtate ſhe laboured to acquire fortitude; but one tender look deſtroyed it all—ſhe rather laboured, indeed, to make him believe ſhe was reſigned, than really to be ſo.

She wiſhed to receive the ſacrament with him, as a boaſt of union which was to extend beyond the grave. She did ſo, and received comfort from it; ſhe roſe above her miſery.

His end was now approaching. Mary ſat on the ſide of the bed. His eyes appeared fixed—no longer agitated by paſſion he only felt it was a fearful thing to die. The ſoul retired to the citadel; but it was not now ſolely filled by the image of her who in ſilent deſpair watched for his laſt breath. Collected, a frightful calmneſs ſtifled every turbulent emotion.

The mother's grief was more audible—Henry had for ſome time only attended to Mary—Mary pitied the

parent, whoſe ſtings of conſcience increaſed her ſorrow; ſhe whiſpered him, "Thy mother weeps diſregarded by thee; Oh! comfort her"—"My mother, thy ſon bleſſes thee."—The oppreſſed parent left the room. And Mary waited to ſee him die.

She preſſed with trembling eagerneſs his parched lips—he opened his eyes again—the ſpreading film retired, and love reſumed them—he gave a look—it was never forgotten, my Mary will you be comforted?

Yes, yes, ſhe exclaimed in a firm voice; you go to be happy—I am not a complete wretch! The words almoſt choaked her.

He was a long time ſilent; the opiate produced a kind of ſtupor. At laſt, in an agony he cried, "It is dark; I cannot ſee thee: raiſe me up. Where is Mary? Did ſhe not ſay ſhe delighted to ſupport me?—Let me die in her arms."

Her arms were open to receive him; they trembled not. Again he was obliged to lie down, reſting on her—as the agonies increaſed he leaned toward her; the ſoul ſeemed flying to her as it eſcaped out of its priſon. The breathing was interrupted—ſhe heard diſtinctly the laſt ſigh—and lifting up to Heaven her eyes, "Father receive his ſpirit," ſhe calmly cried.

The attendants gathered round—ſhe moved not nor heard the clamour; the hand ſeemed yet to preſs hers—it ſtill was warm. A ray of light from an opened window diſcovered the pale face.

She left the room and retired to one very near it; and ſitting down on the floor, fixed her eyes on the door of the apartment that contained the body. Every event of her life ruſhed acroſs her mind with wonderful rapidity—yet all was ſtill—fate had given the finiſhing ſtroke. She ſat till midnight. Then roſe in a frenzy, went into the apartment, and deſired thoſe who watched the body to retire.

She knelt by the bed ſide—an enthuſiaſtic devotion overcame the dictates of deſpair. She prayed moſt ardently to be ſupported, and dedicated herſelf to the ſervice of that Being into whoſe hands ſhe had commit-

ted the ſpirit ſhe almoſt adored—again—and again—ſhe prayed wildly—and fervently—but attempting to touch the lifeleſs hand—her head ſwam—ſhe ſunk.

DESCRIPTION
OF
MONTICELLO,
The Country Seat of THOMAS JEFFERSON, ESQ. *preſident of the United States.*

[Written by an Engliſhman, in 1796.]

ALONG theſe mountains live ſeveral gentlemen of large landed property, who farm their own eſtates, as in the lower parts of Virginia; among the number is Mr. Jefferſon, from whoſe ſeat I date this letter. His houſe is about three miles diſtant from Charlotteſville, and two from Milton, which is on the head waters of Rivanna River. It is moſt ſingularly ſituated, being built upon the top of a ſmall mountain, the apex of which has been cut off, ſo as to leave an area of about an acre and a half. At preſent it is in an unfiniſhed ſtate; but if carried on according to the plan laid down, it will be one of the moſt elegant private habitations in the United States. A large apartment is laid out for a library and muſeum, meant to extend the entire breadth of the houſe, the windows of which are to open into an extenſive green-houſe and aviary.—In the centre is another ſpacious apartment, of an octagon form, reaching from the front to the rear of the houſe, the large folding glaſs doors of which, at each end, open under a portico. An apartment like this, extending from front to back, is very common in a Virginian houſe; it is called the ſaloon, and during the ſummer is the one generally preferred by the family, on account of its being more airy and ſpacious than any other. The houſe commands a magnificent proſpect on one ſide of the Blue Ridge of mountains for nearly forty miles, and on the oppoſite one, of the low country, in appearance like an extend-

ed heath covered with trees, the tops alone of which are viſible. The miſts and vapours ariſing from the low grounds give a continual variety to the ſcene.—The mountain whereon the houſe ſtands, is thickly wooded on one ſide, and walks are carried round it, with different degrees of obliquity, running into each other. On the ſouth ſide is the garden and a large vineyard, that produces abundance of fine fruit.

HINTS TO THE LADIES.

"Pride, with reaſon, judgment, taſte combin'd,
"Makes worth—but baſe, with folly join'd."

THERE is a cuſtom very common among the female ſex, of altering or changing their dreſs, at the approach of a ſtranger, or thoſe with whom they are not every day converſant.

For every kind of work performed in a houſe, there is a ſuitable dreſs; and they who paſs from the parlour to the kitchen, muſt wear them in ſucceſſion, as their buſineſs requires; that which becomes the one, is very unfitting for the other. It would appear very uneconomical, and even ridiculous for a woman to wear the ſame habit in waſhing, baking or cooking, which ſhe would in ſewing muſlin, or waiting on company.

If then, there is a dreſs ſuitable to every kind of neceſſary buſineſs, why ſhould a woman be afraid to be ſeen in it? A man of worth, acquainted with induſtry, would have as high an opinion of the ſame woman, in her *diſhabille* in the kitchen, as when dreſſed in her richeſt attire in the parlour.

If any, to whom theſe remarks may apply, deſire the eſteem of the moſt worthy, let them aboliſh this fooliſh cuſtom, and conform their dreſs to their work.

ITALIAN PROVERBS.

HE who pays well, is maſter of every body's purſe.
Give no great credit to a great promiſer.